

**anything,
everything**

deathstranded

anything, everything by deathstranded

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Summary:

"They're cuddled up together on the sofa one night, Eddie's head resting on his collarbone, watching some trashy action flick, when Eddie, out of nowhere, says, "Um, is it normal, do you think, to like it when it hurts during sex?"

Eddie has a pain kink. Richie isn't so sure.

anything, everything

Author's Note:

i have seen a couple of posts on tumblr discussing the possibility of eddie developing a pain kink after growing up so sheltered and "protected" quote-unquote from illness and injury and i wanted to worship at the alter of service top richie tozier so here we are.

Richie had never imagined things could be like this. This *easy*. It's insane, really.

It's not as though there aren't struggles, and rough patches - you don't go through a childhood as a kid who liked other boys in the ass-end of nowhere in the midst of an AIDs epidemic, followed by twenty-seven years of amnesia plus two separate encounters with a shapeshifting alien clown from space without experiencing one or two night terrors, a couple of dissociative episodes, and decades of self-loathing, after all - but.

But.

They've survived. All of them. They've lived to tell the tale.

A couple of them even Got the Girl, in the end. (Well, Bev got Ben as much as Ben got Bev, and Richie Got the Boy, which he supposes is the whole point of battling against years of internalised homophobia, but hey ho.)

He got the *Boy*.

Not just any boy, either - he got Eddie fucking Kaspbrak.

He, Richie Tozier, hot mess trashmouth dickhead extraordinaire, got the boy of his dreams, his first love, the cutest, funniest, sexiest guy in all of Derry, all of Maine, probably all of the world, honestly, and that's not an exaggeration.

He supposes there's a reason he's always gravitated so strongly

towards loud-mouthed spitfire twink (Eddie tells him that if anything, he's a twink. Richie agrees because he'd agree to any old shit that came out of Eddie's mouth.) Even before he remembered Eddie, he was still in love with him.

It's so romantic it makes him sick.

And, here's the miracle - Eddie loves him back.

Eddie, who had hated himself too, who had lived in terror of what he was, of what he perceived to be a cancer growing inside him, who had also forgotten and yet had slotted so easily, so perfectly back against Richie's side, into Richie's life when they'd all reunited in that Chinese restaurant in the tiny town they'd hated so much - Eddie, who had told Richie the day after they'd killed a fucking outer space sewer clown - for good this time - that he was *not* going back to New York and his terrible wife, then had proceeded to have three panic attacks on the journey from Derry to Los Angeles, but had not let go of Richie's hand once the entire time; Eddie, who had cried the first time they'd made love, then told Richie, tearfully, to shut the fuck up when he'd teased him about it, because Richie had cried too, and he'd been surprised at that, touching his face in bemusement, finding it wet...

It's crazy, is the thing.

Never in a billion years did Richie Tozier think he'd ever get this lucky.

He gets to wake up next to Eddie in the mornings, curled up on his side, his hands always stretched out towards Richie in sleep. Gets to eat breakfast and drink coffee with him in the kitchen with the big french windows looking out onto the garden. Gets to wash his face and brush his teeth side-by-side with him in their bathroom. Gets to kiss him, quickly and chastely on the cheek when he leaves for work in the morning, gently and tenderly on the top of his head when he comes home at night and collapses onto the sofa beside him, talk about him at his shows, during interviews, on TV, make fun of and praise and coo over how cute he is, and he's *allowed* to, and he gets to spend weekends with Eddie, drive to the beach with him, go out for dinner, to the movies, on *dates*, and he gets to kiss him and hold

his hand and wrap an arm around his shoulders or waist whenever he feels like it, and he gets to get drunk with him too, giggling into one another's necks when they've had one too many, swapping sticky, poorly-aimed kisses, and at night, he gets to press him down into the mattress, hold him close, and Eddie spreads his gorgeous thighs for him, and runs his fingers through his hair, and, and, and...

And it goes on and on, and it will do, he knows, for the rest of their lives. The thought makes him giddy as hell.

He can't pick a favourite thing, out of all the stuff they do together, because *everything* is his favourite. They could sit together and watch paint dry, and Richie thinks he'd still love it, as long as Eddie was there, resting his head on his shoulder, one leg slung across Richie's lap.

What he *can* pick, however, is the most surprising thing.

It wasn't like he'd thought Eddie was a prude, or anything (though in truth he kind of had.) But Eddie had been even deeper in the closet than Richie, if that was possible, married to a woman, having deeply unpleasant and unfulfilling sex once in a blue moon, and he had not so much as kissed another man when they'd first gotten together, so deep and penetrating was his fear.

Richie had assumed that Eddie would want to take it slow, and at first he had, on the sex front. It had taken them several weeks to get to the point where Eddie was actually able to look at Richie naked; even longer until he was comfortable being without his own clothes around him.

It had been soft at first, gentle and slow.

Eddie had always stared up at him like he'd hung the moon, which was a pretty great way to be looked at, truth be told, and shook, barely able to contain the soft sounds he'd made when Richie had touched him, kissed him, pushed into him, and afterwards he'd always got the look on his face of a man who couldn't quite believe his own good fortune, who'd discovered a pot of gold right in his own backyard.

“Is it always this good?” he’d said, after their first time together.

Richie had been going to say, “With me it is,” but he’d turned his head, and he’d looked at Eddie, who was clutching the bed sheets to his chest, gazing at Richie with this soft expression on his face that had twisted Richie’s heart and stomach into a tight knot. And so he’d reached out, and tugged Eddie into his arms instead, and said, “I hope so,” into Eddie’s hair.

And everything had continued to be lovely and slow and careful. Eddie had never seemed dissatisfied.

In fact, as time went on, he’d become more and more open about what he wanted, and when he wanted it. He’d begun to initiate; had begun requesting specific positions, had begun actually answering Richie when he’d asked him how he liked it, rather than just stammering and blushing and hiding his face in his hands the way he’d done at the start.

So Richie guesses it’s just natural progression, that Eddie would start to be a bit more upfront about what he wants to do in bed - not just when they’re in the throes of passion, but outside of sex as well.

Still, that doesn’t mean he’s not somewhat caught off-guard when they’re cuddled up together on the sofa one night, Eddie’s head resting on his collarbone, watching some trashy action flick, and Eddie, out of nowhere, says, “Um, is it normal, do you think, to like it when it hurts during sex?”

Richie almost chokes on his own tongue. He says, “What?”

Eddie wriggles in his lap, suddenly looking uncomfortable. “Sorry, sorry, never mind - forget I said anything.”

“No,” Richie says, and he forces himself up into a more upright position. “Eds, what did you - am I *hurting* you?”

“No!” Eddie says. There’s two almost perfect circles of red on his cheeks. “No, I -”

“Fuck, baby, you have to tell me if I do anything that you don’t -”

"No," Eddie says again, a little more forcefully, "No, Rich, I...you don't hurt me. Only the other night, um, last week, you - you were holding my hands over my head, and there was a bit near the end when you were holding them really tightly, and like," he squirms. "It just - I kind of liked it, is all."

Richie stares at him. "Oh," he says.

Eddie's eyes are wide. He looks a little panicky. "Is that - is that bad?" he says. "Is it fucked up?"

"Fuck," Richie says, "fuck, no, baby, it's not weird. It's, uh - I mean it's pretty normal. Lots of people like being, like, held down and shit. Tied up. It's a whole thing."

Eddie relaxes a little, though his face is still somewhat pinched. "I mean," he says, "It wasn't - you know - the whole holding me down thing. I mean, that was good too, but it was the -" He struggles. "There was a bit where your hands were really tight around my wrists. It was - fuck, it was really good." He's red all the way up to his ears now.

"Oh," Richie says, again. He still feels like he's missing something.

Eddie takes a deep breath. He says, "When you were holding onto me, it - it hurt." He glances up at Richie through his dark eyelashes. "But it also felt good."

Richie feels his mouth fall open, but doesn't think he has the motor skills to close it again.

Eddie looks away, tries to get up. "Sorry! I know it's fucking weird, it's *weird*, forget I said anything -"

"Eds -"

"Sorry, I just -"

"Eds," Richie says, louder, because Eddie does this *thing* when he's panicking, really panicking, not funny angry panicking, but really truly upset panicking where he just apologises, says it over and over again, going into pure survival mode, and *God* Richie hates Mrs

Kasprak for that - "Eddie, baby, hey, it's okay, sit down."

Eddie, with great reluctance, flops back down on the sofa.

"Hey," Richie says. "Hey. It's okay. It's not weird. People get off on shit weirder than that. You know there are, like, fetish videos of people bursting balloons. Plus there's that one where the girl sits on the cake -"

Eddie mumbles, "I don't wanna know."

"It's gross, like her whole ass is just -"

"Richie!" Eddie says, shrilly, but he's smiling.

Richie grins. "If *you* wanted to sit on a cake it'd be hot, I think. Everything you do is hot, baby."

Eddie says, "Yes, well. There are limits."

Richie waves a hand, loops his other arm back around Eddie's waist. "Not with me, Eds! Now come on. Tell me what you were telling me before."

"Ugh. I don't know." Eddie fidgets, but he doesn't look like he's going to try and pull away this time, which is good. "I don't get it. I just - when you were holding my wrists you were squeezing them really hard, and it *hurt*, like it *did* hurt, but it also - felt good. It was exciting."

And - well.

Okay, Richie thinks, okay - he can work with this.

"Okay," he says, and Eddie looks relieved, and when they go to bed that night he holds Eddie's wrists down above his head, curling his fingers as tightly as he can, fucks him as hard as he is able to - and Eddie moans like he's never moaned before.

So that's all well and good.

Only, a week later, they're in bed again, Eddie curled up on his side,

one hand resting on Richie's chest, lips sealed together, when Eddie says something that makes his brain flop out of his ear.

Eddie says, "Do you think you'd ever choke me?"

Richie pulls back as far as he can, which isn't very far, considering his head is currently flat on the pillow. "What?" he says.

Eddie is fidgeting on top of him, face red. "It's okay, sorry, it's stupid _"

"No, no, it's okay." Richie sits up, pulling Eddie with him. "Babe, it's - is this that...hurting you thing again?"

Eddie squirms a bit, clearly uncomfortable. "Yeah," he says.

"Hmmm." Richie taps his toes together. "You're really into it, huh?"

Eddie shrugs. "I dunno. Like - I know you've been holding me down lately, since - you know. And it's - it's good, it's really good, I really like it. I just - I just keep thinking about, like - more. How much more we could do. How much further we could take it."

Richie isn't sure how he feels about that. He's not quite sure where the limit is for Eddie, if it exists at all, and he supposes this is something he should check with him before they merrily skip off to bed together to start cutting off airways and smacking one another around.

"I mean," he says, carefully, "I could try. If that's something you really want. I just - we'd have to be real careful. I don't wanna hurt you, baby."

Eddie gives him a look - an Eddie Kaspbrak special. "That's kind of the point, numbnuts," he says.

"Yeah, but...you know." Richie reaches up; smooths Eddie's hair back. Eddie's eyelashes flutter at the motion. "I don't wanna cause any lasting damage."

"I looked it up," Eddie says quickly, and Richie can't say he's surprised, because this is Eddie - of course he's fucking Googled how

to choke someone safely, of course he has - "You have to put your hands either side of my neck - not the front - that way you won't crush my trachea."

Richie thinks he must go pale at this, because Eddie is suddenly sitting up and putting a hand on his jaw. "Rich, Rich - it's okay, it won't - as long as we do it that way we'll be fine, I promise. We can have a safe word and everything -"

"We sure are having a fucking safe word," Richie says, trying to shake the words *crush my trachea* from his mind, "The safe word's *no*. I'm - there's no way I'd ever carry on if you were telling me no, or stop, sweetheart."

Eddie's face softens. "See? We'll be fine. You take such good care of me, Rich..."

And it's not really fair that Eddie says that to him, not really, because yeah, that's kind of a *thing* for Richie - taking care of Eddie, being praised by Eddie, being told he looks after him well, loves him so well, fucks him so good - and Eddie always says it so earnestly, like he's genuinely not saying it because it's a sex thing, but like he really truly does believe that Richie takes good care of him, and *God*, if that doesn't get Richie going...

He leans down to kiss him, rubbing a thumb across his cheek, across the scar there, the scar put there by a man Richie fucking *killed*, because nobody hurts his friends, nobody hurts his Eds - Eddie sighs into his mouth - and says, "Okay. I'll give it a go. For you."

The look Eddie gives him is worth every ounce of trepidation he feels in the pit of his stomach.

They don't get to it immediately - not even that night. Eddie bookmarks a bunch of articles about it - about *choking your partner during sex* - on his phone, and sends them to Richie to read.

Richie reads all of them, at least twice, dutifully, fingers shaking as he scrolls through the dire warnings and advice and encouragement. He even looks at anatomical pictures of throats on Google, terrified of inadvertently doing real damage, determined to get this right for

Eddie.

Once, when he's alone, when Eddie's out shopping, he navigates to the gay section of pornhub, and types *choking* into the search bar. Of course there's a lot of *tiny twink chokes on giant cock* shit on the first page - and fuck, that makes Richie panic enough, because like, not to brag, but he's not exactly small, and Eddie fucking loves going to town on him like that, and was something as seemingly straightforward as a *blowjob* really dangerous all along? Fuck, he thinks, he's going to have to warn Eddie to go steady from now on, and then he wonders when *he* became the one issuing health warnings in the relationship.

Nevertheless, he pushes the anxiety from his mind, finds a somewhat promising-looking video, and taps the play icon.

In all honesty, he doesn't really get it.

He guesses it's one of those things that becomes sexy once you're actually in medias res.

But then again, neither of the two guys in the video look particularly thrilled to be there - they're clearly all about getting their cheque and being on their way, which is fair enough - but the guy who's being choked's face is just getting darker and darker, until it's a deep red shade, and yeah, Eddie looks super cute when it's *his* face going red - either because he's being fucked hard and fast, or getting his ass eaten out, or just because Richie has said something to irritate him and he's yelling, brandishing whatever object he happens to be holding at that particular time.

But Richie can't stop staring at the other guy's veiny hand on the bottom's throat, and thinking about all those warnings he's read in the articles Eddie shared with him.

He ends up not getting hard at all, exiting out of the video before he can lose his nerve and text Eddie that he's maybe not super okay with this whole thing after all.

He knows, though, knows it will be okay, partly because it seems like being choked is somehow fucking mainstream now - not a day goes

by without some fan tweeting “choke me daddy” at him, which he’d thought was pretty funny before, but now is becoming less of a laughing matter day by day - but mainly because he is certain in his heart of hearts that he could never, ever hurt Eddie, not really.

Still, he knows it’s what Eddie wants, and Richie has never denied him anything before, not ever. And so he swallows down his fear, and tells himself to man up.

After defeating an intergalactic demon clown, surely he’s capable of putting his hands around his boyfriend’s throat.

The day comes - not that they’ve scheduled this in; that, Richie thinks, would be decidedly not sexy and probably kill any remaining part of him that is excited by the notion of what they’re going to do - but he’s given himself a deadline of today, told himself that it’s worth trying once, that it’ll make Eddie happy, and that’s all he’s ever wanted, really, even when he didn’t know it was what he wanted; to make Eddie happy.

So he gets home from a meeting with his agent and heads upstairs.

Eddie is stretched out on their bed, reading a book, chewing on his thumbnail - something he only does when he’s really engrossed in whatever he’s doing - but he looks up when Richie comes in, and smiles, and lays the book down.

“Hey,” he says, “how was it?”

“We should have sex,” Richie tells him.

Eddie blinks. “Oh,” he says, “okay. Now?”

“Yeah.”

“Oh. Alright. I have to say, you’ve propositioned me in much more alluring ways before.”

“I know,” Richie sits down on the edge of the bed, pushes a hand through his hair. “But we have to do it now, or I’m gonna pussy out.”

Eddie looks at him carefully. “Do -”

"I've read all the shit you sent me. I even did some independent reading. I'm a real fucking choking nerd now." Richie pushes his glasses up the bridge of his nose until they're pressed up against his forehead, switches his voice to a nasal, whiny one. "I know all about the trachea, lots of facts about the trachea, the throat -"

"Rich," Eddie says, sitting up, putting his hand on Richie's knee, "we don't have to do this, not if you don't want to. It's okay - it's not a fucking - it's not like this is a dealbreaker. I'm not gonna throw a fit and storm out if you don't choke me, for God's sake."

He's so sweet, it breaks Richie's heart. "I know," he says, "I know, Eds. But I wanna do this for you, you know? I love you. I'd do anything for you. Even if it is kind of scary and weird."

"Hey!" Eddie says. "You said it *wasn't* weird!"

Richie grins, despite - or perhaps because of - the nerves. "Sorry," he says. "Coping mechanism, y'know."

Eddie says, "Your coping mechanism is being an asshole?" but he's leaning in close to Richie again, laying a gentle hand on his thigh.

"Sure is," Richie says, and he dips his head down, and kisses him. Eddie sighs, smiling through it. "Right, how we doing this, then? You gonna get on your back and let me hump you through the mattress?"

Eddie says, "Why do you have to make this as unsexy as humanly possible, Rich?" but he lies down anyway, reaching out to pull Richie after him.

Richie says, "If it's so unsexy why're you getting hard, babe?"

Eddie just huffs grumpily; tugs at Richie's shirt. "Get on with it," he says.

"Bossy," Richie tells him. He leans in; kisses Eddie on the lips; up his jaw; down his neck. Eddie lets out a long, slow sigh through his nose.

"Good?"

Eddie hums. "You know it is. Ow!" His hand flies up to his neck, to

the spot where Richie's teeth had briefly closed in on his skin, then released.

Richie winks at him. "Thought you wanted it to hurt, Eds."

Eddie glowers at him, cheeks bright red. "Shut up. Do that again."

Richie just laughs.

They kiss a little longer; Richie slots one leg between Eddie's thighs and puts all his weight into his left elbow, gently tracing the shape of Eddie's ribs beneath his t-shirt with his free hand. Eddie trembles - either at the feather-light touches or the anticipation of what's to come. Richie isn't sure which it is, and yeah, maybe he's not too jazzed about this whole choking thing, but if it gets Eds all wound up like this, then perhaps it could be worth it.

Eddie, fingers tangled in Richie's hair, makes a quiet, whining noise beneath him when Richie's teeth close in on that spot he'd bitten earlier again.

He already knows Eddie likes that - when Richie marks him up. He'd always sort of assumed it was the marks themselves, the implications of what they meant and the throwback to an adolescence they'd never been able to experience together that turned him on - that's what Richie likes about it, after all. But now, in the wake of Eddie's confession, Richie's starting to think that it's the sensation itself that gets him going. Which is totally fine in Richie's book. He's going to give him a hickey every fucking day, from now on, he thinks. On his neck, his shoulders, his arms, his back, his hips, his thighs, his cute fucking ass - everywhere Eddie will let him.

Eddie pulls his hair. "Hey," he says, and he sounds breathless, and his eyes are slightly glazed, though they've hardly even started. "Are you gonna take your shirt off?"

Richie says, "Are *you* gonna take *your* shirt off?" and Eddie surges up beneath him, tugging at his own shirt as though it has personally offended him, whipping it off and tossing it across the room.

"Eds!" Richie says, surprised, because usually Eddie is a real bitch

about folding shit up and not leaving it scattered on the floor, “You little wildcat -”

But then Eddie is grabbing at him too, hissing, “Off, off,” and Richie can’t say no to that.

He kisses Eddie again, as soon as his own brightly-patterned button-up is on the carpet, down his neck, over his Adam’s apple, across his collarbones, Eddie breathing heavily above his head the whole time - and then somehow Eddie’s hands are on his belt, fumbling with the buckle, then with the front of his jeans, and Richie pushes Eddie back onto the bed to pull his sweatpants and boxers off, and Eddie’s eyes are dark, flashing between Richie’s face and the belt that’s hanging loosely around his waist, and in the back of his mind Richie thinks he knows what Eddie’s imagining, but that’s not something he thinks he’s quite ready to do, not yet...

Not that Eddie seems to mind. When Richie kisses him again, on the mouth this time, bridging his body over Eddie’s, his arms braced either side of Eddie’s head, he moans into it, wraps his arms around his shoulders, presses the insides of his thighs up and around Richie’s waist.

“You gonna fuck me?” Eddie mumbles into his mouth. “Gonna fuck me hard? Make me scream? Make me beg for that huge fucking cock?”

Richie almost falls out of bed. If there’s one thing he can thank this whole pain kink shit for, he thinks, it’s removing Eddie’s verbal filter. The first time they’d have sex after Eddie had told him about how he liked being held down by the wrists, when Richie had bruised him up and fucked him harder than he’d ever done before, Eddie had informed him that he wanted to be fucked so well he wouldn’t be able to walk the next day; so deep that he’d feel it in his throat; that he wanted to cum and then for Richie to keep fucking him through the aftershocks and keep on fucking him until he cried. He wonders if this is how it’s always going to be from now on - if the floodgates have been opened and now Eddie is gonna run his mouth like this every time they have sex. Jesus fuck, he hopes so.

“Wouldn’t be doing my job right if I didn’t, would I now?” he says.

Eddie moans, maybe at his words, or maybe at the sensation of the rough denim Richie's still wearing grinding against the most sensitive parts of him, between his open legs. "Yeah," he says, breath hitching as Richie nips at the red mark that's started to form on his neck once again. "Yeah, Rich, just - just want you to fuck me. All the time. Think about it all the time. Just want your cock, can't believe I went without it for so fucking long -"

"I'll show you something that's so fucking long," Richie says, because he's an idiot, and still a thirteen year old boy at heart.

He thinks that anyone else would groan at that, or push him away, or roll their eyes - he's had those responses before, with previous partners, when he'd started to talk in bed, and as much as they'd apparently found him funny outside of sex, they'd never seemed particularly thrilled by it once their clothes were off.

But Eddie, bless him, laughs, shaking his head, legs wrapping even more tightly around Richie's midriff, like he can't fucking help himself, and Richie feels himself grinning, like an idiot - they're perfect for each other, they really are.

"You're such a dumbass," Eddie says, affectionately, his hand coming up to rest against Richie's cheek.

"And yet you still want me to pound you through the mattress."

"Sure do," Eddie says, cheerily. "Put that giant fucking dong to good use -"

"*Dong*, Eds, really?"

They're both laughing now. Richie doesn't think he's ever laughed so much during sex before. He supposes that's what happens when you're actually in love with the person you're banging; when you're genuinely friends and like spending time together, talking and joking around.

"Alright," he says, and he sits up to take his pants off. "Let's get to it, boss."

Eddie just relaxes back into the pillows, smiling faintly, raking his

gaze up and down Richie's body unabashedly.

"So how d'you wanna do this?" Richie says, getting his jeans down around his ankles and almost toppling over as he tugs them past his feet, taking his Homer Simpson socks with them. "You want me to just, like - grab your neck then -"

"No!" Eddie says, as though of *course* Richie should know how this works, as though it's third fucking base or something - choking your boyfriend in bed. "No, just - keep it natural."

"Not really natural to me to put my hands around your throat, babe," Richie says, then regrets it, because Eddie looks a little unsure all of a sudden. "Not that I won't do it - Eds, stop worrying."

"I'm not worrying -" Eddie starts to say.

"Yes you are. You're always worried about something."

Eddie says, "I just meant - like, you don't have to - do it, choke me - all the way through. Just a bit, here and there. Like - ugh." Eddie looks away, cheeks flushed. "Let's just - start, and do it when you're ready."

Privately, Richie doesn't think he'll ever be ready to hurt Eddie, but he doesn't want to upset him. And so he nods, and reaches for the top drawer of the nightstand, where their lube and condoms are kept.

"Okay," he says, and presses his face into Eddie's neck, kissing and licking over the mark there once again. "You want me to finger you, baby?"

"Mmm." Eddie squirms - that had been one of the first things Richie had found out when they'd first started sleeping together; Eddie really, *really* likes being fingered. "Yeah. Just a little bit. Want your dick more."

"Understandable," Richie says, and Eddie snorts, and pokes him in the side, and tells him to get on with it.

Eddie's tight, and warm inside - he always is - and he makes these soft little *mm*, *ah* noises every time Richie's fingers push inwards,

noises that go straight to Richie's dick.

"Feels good?" Richie says.

Eddie nods, fast. "Y-yeah."

"Good boy," Richie says, mindlessly, not even thinking about it, and Eddie shudders with his whole body.

They go back to making out for a bit, just while Richie teases and stretches Eddie with his fingers - or they do until Eddie starts to whine and buck his hips, and then Richie moves his focus to biting a trail down Eddie's neck, onto his chest. Eddie swears at that, voice trembling, as Richie licks around one areola then closes his teeth on the taut nipple, carefully, not wanting to draw blood.

Eddie says, "Fuck!" loudly, and Richie lets go, pulls back, heart pounding.

"Shit," he says, "did I hurt you?"

Eddie's nodding, his hands fisted in Richie's hair, pushing him back down towards his chest insistently, and Richie's just starting to panic when Eddie says, "Again, fuck, *fuck*."

Richie blinks. "It wasn't too much?"

Eddie shakes his head frantically, eyes screwed up. "No, no, felt good, shit -" His hips are moving now, seemingly of their own accord, bucking back down against Richie's hand where it's moving steadily between his legs, and *oh, right, pain kink*.

Hesitantly, Richie bends down again, curling his fingers just so inside Eddie, just enough for him to let out a hard, stuttering breath, and wraps his lips around the other nipple. Eddie tenses up right away, thighs clamping down around Richie's hand, and inexplicably, Richie imagines pushing more fingers up there, then his thumb, his *whole hand* - and it shouldn't turn him on, he thinks, given he's been so nervous these past few days about causing Eddie pain - even if it's what Eddie wants - but his cock fucking *twitches* at the thought, which. Okay. Maybe that's something they should talk about later.

“Again,” Eddie says, shakily, beneath him. “Bite me ag-”

Richie bites down, harder this time.

Eddie moans, the sound sharp and thin, and Richie can feel his fingers flexing at the back of his head, apparently torn between pushing Richie closer and pulling him away.

Richie lets go, then goes back and nips him once more, just for good measure, before reaching for a condom. It’s kind of hard to get it on, because Eddie keeps grabbing at him, whining something that just sounds like garbled iterations of Richie’s name, and trying to get his thighs back around Richie’s waist, but eventually he manages it, and then *he’s* the one moaning as he pushes in, and *fuck*, has Eddie always been this tight?

“Jesus, Eds,” he manages to say, but Eddie isn’t listening; his nails are sunk deep into Richie’s biceps and he’s breathing hard, letting out little gaspy sighs whenever Richie shifts between his legs.

It’s difficult, but Richie manages to hold still for a moment, to let Eddie adjust to the stretch.

“You okay?” he says, after a few seconds, when Eddie’s eyes are open again and he’s staring up at him in that doe-eyed way of his that always makes Richie’s heart stop.

Eddie says, “Yes,” and wriggles a little beneath him. “You gonna fuck me now?”

Richie says, “Say please,” just to be an asshole.

“Shut the fuck up,” Eddie says, “fuck, oh - please Rich, fucking - fuck me, you fuckhead.”

“Say fuck again,” Richie says, but he complies, rolling his hips to push all the way in, sending Eddie’s feet up to his tailbone, where he crosses them at the ankles, gripping onto Richie as if for dear life.

Having sex with Eddie is like nothing else, Richie thinks - he just gets so into it, so hungry for it, and Richie supposes it’s something to do with the repression - with spending so many years trying to be

attracted to women, living like a coiled spring, with nobody to touch him and whisper to him and fuck him the way he really wanted, the way he deserved, and it makes Richie feel kind of weepy when he thinks about it for too long; the fact that *he's* the one who gets to give this to Eddie, that *he* was the one Eddie fell in love with all those years ago and never recovered from, that *he* - or, after they were separated but before they remembered, someone *like him* - was the key player in all of Eddie's secret fantasies, the fantasies he can sometimes coax out of him when Eddie's feeling just horny enough but also soft and vulnerable and loving...

All this to say, Richie is fucking bananas for Eddie, especially when he gets like this; when he starts clinging and whining and moaning and *talking* the way he's doing now, and if he clamps his thighs down any tighter, Richie thinks that *he'll* be the one to stop breathing -

"Fuck, Richie, *fuck*," Eddie says, and he sounds like he's going to fucking cry.

"Is it good, baby? You feel good?"

"Fuck, fuck *fuck*," Eddie says, "Harder, harder Rich, need your cock, I need it -"

"You're getting it, angel," Richie says, adjusting himself so he can sit up a little straighter, working against the strain in his back so he can fuck into Eddie like he wants, like he deserves. "Gonna give it to you just how you like it."

He manages to get himself into a decent position, hands flat against the mattress by Eddie's head. This time, when he fucks in, Eddie tosses his head back and keens.

"That good? That feel good, baby?"

Eddie's fingers are surely bruising his arms now, he thinks, but he can hardly feel it. He can't even see the rest of the room; barely knows where the edge of the bed is. The world is nothing but Eddie, and the sounds Eddie's making, and the red mark on his neck, and the glinting saliva and faint teeth marks on his chest - *Richie's* saliva and *Richie's* teeth marks, because that's *Richie's* man.

Eddie whines, the sound wobbly and broken, but he's still nodding, teeth clenched.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah," Eddie says, the sound thrown off by the speed and force at which Richie's thrusting into him. "Yeah, fuck, Rich, feels good, feels good, love it, love your cock, love *you*, fuck me so good, take such good fuckin' care of me -"

Richie's glasses are starting to slip on his nose, but he can't pause to adjust them, refuses to stop, not when Eddie needs him like this, needs him to keep going, keep him on the edge, fuck his brain out of his head, expunge him of all worries and anxieties and all that painful history that has scarred him inside and out. It's all he wants, really, to please Eddie, keep him happy and satisfied, and the thought of that, of being nothing more than a conduit for Eddie's pleasure makes his dick throb painfully where it's buried deep inside Eddie's narrow, tight body.

Eddie is still rambling on, face scarlet, huge brown eyes fixed on Richie's like there's nothing else in the world worth looking at "- so big, Rich, so fucking big, love that you could just crush me, pick me up, hold me down, ahhh! Fuck - love your arms, fucking want you to *choke* me, stop me breathing, hold me down and make me fucking *take it* -"

He's still talking, Richie thinks, but somewhere in the cacophony of praise and fantasy he hears the words *choke me*, and he thinks, oh, right.

He's not quite sure how he's supposed to do it, not without ceasing the fucking he's giving to Eddie, which he doesn't think he'll be best pleased by, regardless of what's happening to his airways, and yeah, he probably should have thought this through a little better before jumping into bed, but he's a master of improvisation, even if he does say so himself.

And so he slides one hand behind Eddie's head, slowing his thrusts to an insistent, dirty grind so he can focus better on pressing his fingers to one side of Eddie's neck, his thumb to the other.

Eddie seems to realise what he's doing, because all of a sudden he's stopped yammering about how much he loves it when Richie fucks him hard and fast and rough, and is staring up at him, wide-eyed and open mouthed, hips still twitching up to get more of Richie's cock inside him like he just can't help himself.

Richie tightens his grip. He thinks he can feel Eddie's pulse quicken beneath his hands. Or maybe that's just the blood thrumming in his own fingers.

Eddie whimpers.

And Richie squeezes.

Eddie's eyes honest-to-God roll back in their sockets.

"Fuck," Richie says.

He lets go quickly, heart hammering, trying to figure out what to do next. But then Eddie's eyes fly open, and his expression is wild.

"Again," he says, and then he pushes his lower body down into Richie's, and says, "keep fucking me."

There's nothing to do, really, but obey - Richie rolls his hips again, a little deeper than before, and Eddie lets out a sound halfway between a sigh and a moan. There's sweat beading on his forehead and his chest, and Richie wants to lick it all up, so he does, his cock inadvertently pressing in even further, right up against where Eddie's prostate must be, because Eddie makes this high-pitched, tremulous noise he only makes when that part of him is being touched.

Richie kisses him then, kisses his damp hairline and down his nose and on his earlobe, and readjusts the position of his hand on Eddie's neck - Eddie makes another noise at this, like he physically can't stop these little sounds that are being fucked out of him - and then he presses his lips to the whorl of Eddie's ear, says, "You know I love you, yeah? Know I never wanna hurt you, not really, I love - I love you so much, Eds."

And Eddie nods, frantically, hands now scrambling for purchase against Richie's back, where he's sure there'll be dark red lines

tomorrow, and says, "I know, I know, ah, love you too, Rich, love you so m-"

His voice cuts out as Richie closes his fingers once again, harder this time - and, yeah, the choking itself still isn't doing much for him, but admittedly it's kind of worth it to see Eddie's eyelids quivering, the way his eyebrows slant and side upwards, the way his lips part and his whole body starts to shake and clamp down on Richie's cock and his cheeks flood with colour.

He keeps his hips moving, rocking in and out, as deep as he can force himself to go as he lowers his head again and closes his teeth around one of Eddie's collarbones. The sound Eddie makes - strangled and tight - shocks him, and he lets go, and looks back up to check he's okay, but Eddie's still fine, his eyes are still open, he's still very hard - leaking all over his own stomach, and his cock is darker than Richie thinks he's ever seen it before, it looks like it fucking *hurts*, and then he wonders if Eddie likes that too, likes being held on the edge until it's borderline painful, and if Eddie would want him to hurt him *there...*

Eddie gasps again as Richie ruts his hips forwards a little rougher than before. Their eyes meet, and Richie is suddenly struck by how much Eddie truly must love him to let him do this, to *ask* him for this, the level of trust that would take, and then he suddenly feels like crying.

He tightens his grip on Eddie's neck, all of a sudden caught up in wanting to make this as good for Eddie as he can, and Eddie hisses, his body convulsing, closing up, his hands shaking on Richie's shoulder blades, nails digging in and knees pressing flush and tight to his sides like he needs Richie closer, like he can't bear for there to be even an inch of space between them...

And then Eddie coughs, suddenly, hard, and it's a horrible sound, fast and rough, like a stalling buzz saw. Richie's hand flies from his neck like he's burnt.

"Fuck," he says, "fuck, *fuck*, Eddie, are you - fuck, Eds, are you okay?"

Eddie's still coughing, his face still flushed, but his hand's on Richie's shoulder, his fingers moving in small circles like *he's* trying to reassure *Richie*, which is fucking *bullshit* - Richie's the one who hurt him, who's probably bruised his fucking windpipe; Richie should be the one grovelling and comforting and -

"Rich," Eddie says. His voice is rough and strained, and God, Richie hates himself. "Rich, are you okay?"

"What the *fuck*?" Richie says. "Eds, baby, I should be asking you that, *fuck* -"

"I'm okay," Eddie tells him. His hand slides down from Richie's shoulder to cup his jaw. "Rich, I - it was really good."

Richie stares at him.

"Promise," Eddie says, still moving his fingers slowly, comfortably against Richie's heated skin, and his voice is still like sandpaper, but his eyes are bright, and his body's still flushed, all the way down his chest and his stomach, and he's fucking - *dripping*, it's so sexy and so dirty Richie can't help but stare.

"Hey," Eddie says, noticing where his gaze has travelled, slapping his shoulder lightly. "Stop it. It's embarrassing!"

"It's pretty hot," Richie says, starting to feel better.

Eddie wriggles a little beneath him, and Richie feels himself starting to slip out. He quickly adjusts himself, dipping his hips low and pushing back in, glancing up to check Eddie's okay with the motion. Eddie's lower jaw goes a little slack, so it would seem that he is.

"You sure you're okay?" he says. "You don't wanna, like, stop, take a breather -"

Eddie says, "If you stop I *will* chop your dick off."

"Alright, alright," Richie says, "Just 'cause you're more hardcore than me." He pushes in a little further, watches a tiny frown line appear between Eddie's eyebrows, then smooth out and vanish as he bottoms out, presses himself flush to the backs of Eddie's upper thighs.

"Listen, I..." he hesitates. "I dunno if I can do that again. Maybe another time, but, like...not right now. Is that -"

"Don't be an idiot," Eddie says, "of course it is. Listen, I know - I know it was a lot to ask. And I know you weren't that stoked about it. But you still did it for me. And that means a lot, really." One of his hands slides down from Richie's shoulders; moves to cup his jaw. "I love you, Rich."

Richie swallows, hard. "Love you too, baby," he says. "You're so fucking cute, Eds. Don't make me fucking cry when I'm going to town on your ass."

Eddie grins up at him. "Let me know when you start, yeah?" he says.

"Mouthy little shit," Richie says, and then he grabs one of Eddie's thighs in one hand, balls the other into a fist and leans his weight into it up by Eddie's head, and fucks him, hard.

Eddie sinks his nails into the meat of Richie's arms and *wails*.

He'd been kind of worried when Eddie had started coughing, when he'd freaked out a bit and let go of his throat that that would have been it - that he'd have gone soft and wouldn't have been able to get it back up, and he'd have had to finish Eddie off with his hands or his mouth - not that he would have minded that, he loves getting Eddie off in whatever way he can - but he *had* been sort of getting into it, admittedly - not the choking so much, but the way Eddie had gotten so hard and had started to shake beneath him, and he just wants to get him like that again, make him lose his mind and clamp down on Richie's cock and stare up into his eyes like Richie's *everything*, *everything* to him...*that* was what had made Richie hot, made his cock throb inside Eddie's body, made him want to bite and mark and bruise his skin, please him and label Eddie as *his*, *his*, *all his*, after so fucking long...

He presses his face into Eddie's throat, thrills in the tremulous little noise he hears there, closes his mouth on that soft, hot skin -

"Harder," Eddie says, just above his ear, and his voice is shaking. "Fuck me harder, *please*, Rich -"

Richie sits up a little, curls his arms around Eddie's thighs where they're sprawled open across his own. "You want it harder?"

Eddie whines, fingertips curling inwards, grabbing desperately at Richie's skin. "Always," he says, breathlessly, "always want more, want it harder, want you to fuck me 'til I cry, Rich, fuck me and make me cum and make me keep going, I - ah!"

Richie tugs him back, holding him down on his lap so he can fuck up into him, hold him still so Eddie can't do a damn thing about it but just *take* it.

"You want me to make you cum?" he says, and he hopes Eddie's as close as he is, because he knows he's not going to last any longer than a couple of minutes, max, not with the way Eddie's body's seizing up around him, not with the way he looks beneath him, covered in his own pre-cum and sweat, dark eyes wide and desperate, and certainly not with the hungry little sounds he's making and the filth spilling from his lips every few seconds.

Eddie nods, fast, breathing out fast and hard as Richie lands another thrust right where he needs it.

"You gonna ask nicely?"

Eddie makes a noise that sounds like a sob, shaky and wobbly and desperate.

"You gonna say please?"

"Please!" Eddie shouts, like the word's been punched from him. "Please, please Rich, *please* make me cum, make me take your cock, fuck me, make it hurt, make it *hurt* -"

His hand is suddenly like a vice on Richie's arm, and he's fucking *shaking* - and Richie realises he's coming. His mouth is open, like he's trying to make a noise, but no sound comes out; nothing but a couple of little *ah, ah* noises like he's too physically drained to do anything else, and Richie, remembering what he'd said about wanting to keep going, keeps fucking into him, hard.

"That good, baby?" he says, and he feels Eddie's hand clench down

even tighter, “Was that what you needed?”

Eddie makes another noise that sounds like a sob - and then Richie realises it is a sob, he is crying, but he's nodding too, tugging at Richie, at his back, at his arms, at his hair, pulling him down on top of him, closer, closer, as close as he can get him, and as he presses his mouth to Eddie's temple, slowing the snap of his hips just a little, he hears Eddie mumble, “Keep going, keep going, more -”

Eddie is fucking insane, he thinks, and it makes him laugh, just a little, incredulously, pressing kisses to his hairline, rolling his hips as deep as he can get them, and Eddie's looking up at him, eyes wet, but he's laughing too, until he's cut off by another moan, and squeezes his eyes shut, body going slack on the bed and just *taking* it, taking everything Richie's giving him, and that's - that's so fucking *sexy* -

“You're so fucking sexy,” Richie tells him, out of breath and out of his mind, really, and Eddie just pants out a soft little laugh in response, pushing his hips back up towards him, despite the mess he's made on his stomach. “So fucking hot, Eds, wanna give you everything, I'm gonna make you cum ten times over one day, gonna bite you and bruise you up so good, hurt you the way you want me to, gonna fucking - *spank* you, make you beg for it, beg for my cock, my fingers, gonna get my whole fucking fist inside you -”

Eddie whines loudly at that, the sound vibrating high in his throat like he's about to start crying again, and *fuck*, Richie'd hardly known he wanted any of that until it came fucking pouring out his mouth, but looking at the way it's making Eddie react, the way it's making his soft, wet cock twitch in a way that looks fucking *painful*, so soon after coming, he suddenly wants nothing more.

“Want you to,” Eddie gasps, and he sounds so fucking wrecked, so out of it, Richie knows he's going to cum, there's no way he can't - “Want you to ruin me, make me scream, I'd let you do - let you do *anything* to me Rich, I'd do anything for you -”

And he knows he would; that's the thing. Eddie *would* do anything for him and *has* - Eddie's faced his deepest, darkest fears for him, has turned his life upside down for him, given him everything he could and will continue to give everything he has, until the very end,

because that's the kind of person Eddie Kaspbrak is, and it's overwhelming to realise that a person like that *loves* you, would do *anything*, really *anything* for you - and it's soppy, and kind of embarrassing, but that's it for Richie, that's what tips him over the edge - staring into Eddie's ridiculous gorgeous Bambi eyes and thinking *anything, anything...*

That, and the way Eddie's body is like a fucking vice around his cock, and the sight of his own teeth marks on Eddie's chest and neck, splashed and streaked with Eddie's own cum that he fucked out of him.

He cums fucking *hard*, and can't help but move his hips through it, through every single one of the flashes of sharp ecstasy that ripples through his thighs and stomach, no doubt exacerbated by the soft *ahh* noises Eddie is making.

He collapses onto the bed, pulling Eddie into his chest as he goes.

They don't say anything, not for a long moment. Eddie sighs; tucks his head beneath Richie's chin. Richie lays a hand on his back; runs it up and down his spine, slowly, tracing the bumps and dips there, the proof of his physicality, the fact that he's here, alive, with Richie.

Eddie says, breathlessly, "Are you gonna take that fucking condom off?"

"Jeez, Eds," Richie says. "Way to ruin a moment."

Eddie sniffs into his neck, and because Richie knows him, he knows he's laughing and trying to hide it, and it warms and swells something deep inside him.

Nevertheless, he sits up and does as he's told, tying the end of the condom into a knot and plodding off into the en-suite to dispose of it and pee. When he comes back, Eddie is stretched out on his back, flexing his toes, one hand over his eyes. Richie thinks he'll get up when he hears him come out of the bathroom; head for the shower. He doesn't, though. When Richie collapses back onto the bed, pulling his glasses off and throwing them carelessly onto the nightstand, Eddie just rolls onto his side, rests his head against his shoulder

again, closes his eyes.

“Babe,” Richie says, “you’re getting cum *everywhere*, you nasty little bitch.”

Eddie frowns, but doesn’t move. “Your fault,” he says. “Fucked me too good. I can’t move now.” He shifts, wrapping his arm around Richie’s midriff, pressing in even closer. “You’re gonna have to carry me to the shower. Or the bath.” He pauses, sighing. “Actually, yeah, the bath. Carry me to the bath.”

Richie says, “Damn, do I have to do everything around here?”

Eddie nods. “Yeah,” he says.

Richie laughs.

They stay in bed together a little longer. The sheets beneath them are starting to stick to their bodies, and it’s going to feel gross when they have to get up, and yeah, Richie knows that he’ll be the one who has to change the bed linen, fight the duvet into a new cover and fluff up Eddie’s pillows for him whilst he lounges around in the tub, but he doesn’t mind. Not really.

He thinks to himself that he’d fluff a thousand pillows a day, for Eddie.

“Hey,” Eddie says, after a long moment has passed, and Richie has just started to wonder if he’s fallen asleep. “Thanks for - for that. You didn’t have to do it, but you did. It was, um...really good.” He opens his eyes, looks up at Richie.

“It’s okay,” Richie can’t see him super well without his glasses, but he knows the shape of Eddie’s face well enough to settle a hand in his hair; slowly pet his head. “I liked it too, y’know.”

“You did?” Eddie sounds doubtful.

“Yeah. Well, I mean, it was kinda scary when you started to cough. I guess I kind of panicked there. But like...light choking? I might be a little into that, man.”

Eddie huffs out a soft laugh. “Just a little?”

“Yeah.” Richie scratches his scalp, gently. “Well, not the choking itself. I just like your reactions. You were really into it. It was hot.”

Eddie laughs again, quieter this time. He traces a shape onto Richie’s stomach with one warm finger. Richie thinks it might be a heart. Eddie is gross. But then again, so is he.

“Would you, um...would you really be into that stuff you mentioned, y’know, at the end?” Eddie says, carefully.

Richie considers. “Yeah,” he says, eventually. “Yeah, I think I would. I’d try it, anyway.” He almost swallows down the words that come next, but then he thinks, so what? Who fucking cares. He loves Eddie. He’s wild about Eddie. They’re a couple of dumb old saps. Whatever. He says, honestly, “I’d try anything for you, Eds.”

Eddie doesn’t say anything, but Richie feels him smile into his chest. And it’s enough - or, not just enough. It’s everything, he thinks.

Author's Note:

god this was embarrassing.

ps if u are going to choke someone in bed please do your research beforehand its serious stuff.